

Honest Abe

How President Lincoln
Rewarded a Girl For
Union Service

By Captain F. A. Mitchell

It seems incongruous that the giant, uncouth Illinois lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, should have presided over the most abundant crop of themes for romance that has ever been accorded to American authors.

If any one of these romantic incidents that occurred during the war between the states may be selected as standing out with especial prominence it is the making of the tunnel by Federal soldiers at the old tobacco warehouse in Richmond, Va., that had been turned into Libby prison. The story of how these men, beginning in an old fireplace in the cellar, little by little scooped the earth away, forming a tunnel just large enough to admit of a man's body passing through it and leading out to a point beyond the wall, then escaped in a body, has been told again and again. The story I am about to tell is connected with that escape. I feel bound to state, however, that, since the heroine was a real woman and I shall use her real name, only the main features are given as they actually occurred. In other words, they are fiction founded on fact. But Mr. Lincoln's connection with the story I shall give in the words of the assistant of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, as he told it at a dinner a number of years ago.

One morning three men in blue uniforms that had faded through exposure into a sort of green, whose trousers were in rags and the soles of whose shoes flapped every time they stepped, approached a house a short distance southeast of Richmond, on the James river. They stood in a wood, where they were partly concealed, looking wistfully at the house. They were hungry almost to starvation. They had recently escaped from Libby prison and had lain in hiding for fear of recapture, with nothing to eat except a little corn pone furnished them by a negro.

"I wonder if we'd better risk it, boys?" said one of the three.

"If you do," said another, "we'll go back to that horrid pen, and that means death to me. I'll be carried out with the regular load of dead."

At that moment there was a clatter of hoofs of many horses, and the trio retired from the edge of the wood. A company of Confederate cavalry passed over the road not a hundred yards from where they had been standing and reined up in front of the house they had been looking at. The commanding officer dismounted and went in, while the men waited outside on their horses. Presently he reappeared, followed by a woman. They were talking together, but the men in the wood could not hear what they were saying. Then the Confederates moved on.

"I wonder if they're looking for us," said Captain Porter, one of the fugitives.

"Doubt it," replied Lieutenant Dobson. "If they had been they'd have sent a few men through the woods."

"But didn't you see their captain post men around the house when they rode up to it?" said Sergeant Sweltzer. "It's my opinion they were thinking we might be there."

"Then why didn't they search the premises?" asked Porter.

Meanwhile the sound of the horses' hoofs had died away. A girl's head was thrust out of a window of a loft in the barn. She looked up the road in the direction of the retreating horse-men and listened. Then the head was withdrawn, and the girl, perhaps twenty years old, emerged from a lower door and went to the house.

"That's the party they were looking for," said Dobson.

"A girl?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, a girl. And she must be a Union girl. They're Union people in there for sure. Come on, boys. I'll risk it."

"You'd better go and reconnoiter. If the coast is clear you can call us."

Captain Porter evidently upon consideration concluded to move cautiously. Some of the Confederates might come back. So skulking behind trees, running along beside fences, he finally made a rear door and knocked. The woman who had talked with the Confederate leader came to the door and, seeing a wretched specimen of humanity in a faded blue uniform, said, "Come in here quick."

Porter went in, and she shut the door. In a few words he told how he and his companions had escaped from Libby prison and how the others were skulking in the woods near by. The woman told him they had nothing to fear from her and bade him bring his companions to come to the house. He did so, and within a few minutes the three men had found a temporary abode.

The first matter of moment was the satisfaction of hunger. There was not much to eat in the house, but such as it was they were made welcome to it. While they were eating their hostess went upstairs, and they heard low voices. Presently she came down, and with her was the girl they had seen in the barn.

"This young lady," said the woman, "is Miss Green. She acted with some of the men who have escaped with you from Libby prison, and the Con-

federates are hunting her. A company of them stopped here a spell ago, looking for her. I pretended to be a Confederate and told them she had passed up the road not half an hour before toward her home. They didn't stop to look for her here, but went right on expecting to get her."

Captain Porter told Miss Green the story of his and his companions' escape from Libby, intimating that getting out of the prison was easier than making a journey to Union territory. They could never in the world find their way through the wilderness that lay between them and the northern states.

Miss Green offered to pilot them. They discussed several routes of travel, one being to go down the James river to Fortress Monroe, held by the Federal army; another to travel by the peninsula to the same point and a third to pursue a northeasterly course to the mouth of the Potomac. Miss Green told them that the James river at points was guarded by the Confederates and they would find difficulty in going from Confederate territory to a Union fortress. If they went by the peninsula, since it was narrow, if they were stopped or pursued they would be pent in. She therefore recommended the route to the mouth of the Potomac.

After resting all day and receiving what provisions they would need in the immediate future they started the same night. Passing over the battlefields that had been fought over by Lee and McClellan during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, they passed through fields and woods, guided by the girl, who knew well the territory near the Confederate capital. Afterward she directed her course from the north star, keeping it over her left shoulder. Before dawn she stopped at the house of a Union man which she had had in mind for the first relay. She went into the house, while the men took to the barn. At nightfall they started again, having been provided with a fresh supply of provisions. Fortunately most of the night was clear, and their compass star was visible, but before dawn the sky became overcast, and, coming upon a negro hut, the girl approached it, and finding the occupants sympathetic the party entered the cabin and went to sleep on the floor.

The next day the colored owner of their retreat kept watch from morning till night to warn them if any one approached. But a negro hut was in war times the safest hiding place for an escaped Union prisoner of war, and hosts of Uncle Sam's boys availed themselves of these retreats. When night fell they started again, without a supply of provisions but with their host as a guide over a strip of territory with which Miss Green was not familiar.

But the next night, partly through her own knowledge and partly by knowledge acquired by inquiry—for Miss Green was not in the same danger as her companions—she led them to the York river, where they appropriated a boat for crossing and the second night after that reached the Rappahannock. Here they did not meet with the same luck as at the York, and during the day instead of sleeping, they were obliged to construct a raft on which to float themselves. It was ready by evening, and as soon as the darkness fell they started, propelling themselves with flat pieces of board they had picked up. Though the distance from their starting point to the Potomac was but sixty miles, nearly a week passed before they approached its shore. It was not only a detestable ground for the armies, but most of the white people living on both the Maryland and Virginia shores were Confederates. The river itself was dominated by the Federal government.

At dawn on the sixth day after their departure, the contour of the country indicating that the river was but a short distance ahead, Miss Green went forward while the men kept back. If she saw the river she was to drop her handkerchief. If the Confederate flag was visible she was to hold the handkerchief suspended in her left hand. If she saw the stars and stripes she was to wave. They watched her till she reached an eminence where she could get a good outlook, and a flood of joy sprang up in their hearts. They saw her wave.

I will tell the rest of the story as was mentioned in my introduction in the words of the secretary of war's assistant:

"One day Mr. Lincoln sent for me to come to the White House. My boy said he, 'there is a letter I would like to have you look at.' I picked up the letter and found it was from General Dix, conveying the information that several Federal prisoners had escaped from Libby prison with the aid of Abbie Green, a woman famous during the war. The letter also said that as the fact of Abbie's assistance to escaped Federal prisoners was well known she had been obliged to flee from Richmond and was on her way to Washington on the flag of truce boat. Now, my boy, said the president, 'I don't know what I should say to any rascal who would steal that letter and have a bill passed through congress to grant \$10,000 to the relief of Abbie Green.'"

"I stole the letter, and the next day both branches of congress passed the bill to grant \$10,000 to Abbie Green. The following morning 'Honest Abe' sent for me again. 'I told you I did not know what I should say,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, to the rascal who would steal that letter and have congress act on it. Now I've made up my mind. You go down to No. — street, get Abbie Green, take her down to Chase at the treasury, and don't you let her go till she gets that money."

HARNESSING A SHARK.

Cruel Revenge That Has the Sanction of Immemorial Custom.

The shark's jaws are pried open to the fullest extent. A stout eight foot spar of tough timber, 4 by 4 inches in cross measurement, is fixed transversely far back in the angle of the jaw, the ends projecting on either side. A strong rope leading from the ends of the spar is drawn close and tightened with a clove hitch round the fish's tail behind the wide tail flukes. It is thus the sailor harnesses his enemy.

The clamp of the cruel jaws drives the two inch long teeth deep into the tough spar. The tight line holds it in place, and, struggle as he may, the shark fails to move the spar an inch from its position. As a finishing touch the sailor drew his knife blade across the shark's eyeballs and let him go. Bitted and bridled, blinded, with jaws wide gaping, he swam through a limitless sea in never ending fatuous circles. The queer furnishings he bore scared away others of his kind. Lonely and silent, he passed like Cain among the fishes till starvation and sheer misery ended his existence.

Cruel? Of course it was. But surely, like the venomous snake, the shark has long put himself beyond the pale of human mercy. Soft hearted as he usually is, the sailor man has a long memory. The shark has followed for weeks in the shadow of his ship and has watched each man of the crew with greedy, malevolent eyes. There is a heavy debt against all the shark tribe for many a lost mariner, and when the chance comes to settle old scores the sailor pays it to the full. Besides, the thing has the sanction of immemorial custom. It was some old Phoenician, trading out of Tyre to the far Cassiterides, who probably first put the trick in practice.—Wide World Magazine.

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

A Bloodless Naval Conflict of the Revolutionary War.

All wars have their humors and jokes, and the Revolutionary war was no exception. Jan. 6, 1777, figures in history as the date of the battle of the kegs, and, though bloodless, it has been celebrated in verse. Six months after the Declaration of Independence, while the British fleet was stationed at Philadelphia, the Americans undertook to destroy the ships by means of improvised torpedoes, which, set afloat in the river above the city, were to carry death and destruction among the enemy.

The alleged torpedoes were shaped like kegs, and when the British land forces discovered them floating down the river they were drawn up and ordered to fire on everything that came within range. The officers remembered the Trojan horse and feared every keg might contain an armed rebel. As the kegs came floating down there was great excitement and much firing, but no casualties. The only explosions were from the British guns, for the torpedoes were a failure.

The incident furnished much amusement to the patriots and was cleverly verified by Francis Hopkinson, a prominent lawyer of the day, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the first district judge of Pennsylvania by appointment of Washington. He was one of the most popular writers of the day, and "The Battle of the Kegs" had a great run among the patriots and distinct influence in the way of military inspiration. Francis Hopkinson was the father of Joseph Hopkinson, author of "Hall Columbia."—Indianapolis News.

The Boy.

A writer in the Biblical World, speaking of "The Minister and the Boy," says: "To behold in the boy a rough summary of the past and to be able to capitalize for good the successive instincts as they emerge is to accomplish a fine piece of missionary work without leaving home. . . . The fire worshiper, the dervish tribesman, the savage hunter, the religion making nomad, the daring pirate, the elemental fighter with nature and rival of every kind, the master of the world in making, comes before you in the unfolding life of the ordinary boy. . . . He is an abridged volume on ethnology."

Apple or Orange?

No one would for a moment imagine any one mistaking an onion for an apple. But don't be too sure. Some day when you have nothing else to do cut a small square of onion and a square of apple of the same size, close your eyes and hold your nose tightly and then get some one to hand you one of the squares without telling you which one it is. You would be well advised not to wager any money on being able to tell by chewing which it is. The explanation is that a large part of what we call taste is really smell.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Strange Part.

Mr. Dresser (with evening paper): Here's strange news! A New York child hid for thirty hours in her mother's clothes closet!

Mrs. Dresser—I should say it is strange. Imagine a New York woman not changing her clothes in that time!—Judge.

Ordinals.

"It must be a terrible thing to go through the third degree."

"It must be, indeed," replied Mr. Bindig. "I'll bet it's even worse than trying to answer all the questions a twelve-year-old boy can ask."—Washington Star.

That they are sincere few are willing to deny; that they are cunning few are ready to admit.

A Hidden Industrial World.

Back of the industrial world that is visible to every eye is another world which gives birth to and raises industries, glimpses of it coming to us only occasionally. It is a region of bottles and test tubes, of retorts and balances. It is inhabited by beings wearing stained linen dusters, and it smells abominably. Indigo is an article of commerce which came originally from the far east, where it was obtained from some form of plant life. A German chemist found a way of making indigo out of the tar waste of gas works. It is now about one-twentieth as costly as the stuff from India, and its manufacture is upon a big scale. Camphor has been a Japanese monopoly. It is now made artificially, being identical the same thing as that made from Formosan trees. Some one while studying the mysteries of bread making fell upon a method of turning the starch of stale bread into sugar. In steel works, in packing houses, in the factories of electrical companies, are laboratories, any one of which may pick up one of those pebbles of knowledge which are scattered about everywhere, which are the raw material of life. Yet they are little known to the general public.—Toledo Blade.

Napoleon's Prize Essay.

Napoleon I. gained a prize as a boy from the Academy of Lyons for the best paper in answer to the question, "What are the truths and principles that ought to be inculcated in men that they may enjoy happiness?" Fifty loins he received for his effort. He mentioned the matter with a little pride one day in the presence of Talleyrand. The latter paid no obvious heed at the time, but a few days later he called on the emperor and handed him the manuscript of his boyish essay. He had just obtained it from the academy at Lyons. "Have you read it?" asked Napoleon as he took the paper. "No, sire; I have just received it." Napoleon at once threw the paper on the fire. Talleyrand, naturally pained and hurt, flushed up, but Napoleon explained: "I did not wish to let any one see the paper. It was written when I was very young and might expose me to ridicule as emperor."

Hunting the Emu.

The natives of Australia are ingenious. A black on discovering emus feeding on a plain will cover his back and head with an emu skin, allowing it to hang down well on the sides toward the unsuspecting birds. In his right hand he will carry hidden by the skin a boomerang and one or two throwing sticks or "waddies." Then his left arm will protrude beyond the skin straight out to the elbow, and the forearm will be bent up, with the hand at right angles to it, thereby making a capital imitation of an emu's head and neck. Now and then this hand or head will be brought to the ground as if for feeding, and as the black walks along he imitates every motion of the bird while at the same time by means of the big toe he draws a spear along the ground. He proceeds thus until close enough to spear his bird.

Too Much For Him.

Noisefully, but with all his strength, the burglar tugged at the dressing table drawer, but it was in vain. The drawer absolutely refused to open.

"Give it another jerk," said a quiet voice behind him.

Turning hurriedly, the uninvited guest saw the owner of the house sitting up in bed watching him with interest.

"Just try it again," said he in the bed. "There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, and we haven't been able to get it open since the wet weather set in. If you can do it I'll willingly give you a fair share of its contents, and—"

But the man of the mask had fled through the window, taking most of it with him.—London Answers.

It Didn't Work.

They had talked together five minutes or more on the street corner when the man with the fuzzy hat took a notebook from his pocket.

"By the way," he said, "what is your telephone number? I might want to call you up some day."

"That wouldn't help you any, Ferguson," said the other man. "My name's Plädger. I knew you were trying with all your might to place me and couldn't quite do it."—Chicago Tribune.

Behind the Scenes.

The theater was in an uproar. "They're calling for the author," said the stage manager.

"Oh, I can't make a speech," pleaded the man responsible for the play.

"Oh, well, just go out in front and tell 'em you're sorry!"—Yankees Statesman.

He Had.

"Have you ever written anything," said his cynical friend, "to make the world happier or better?"

"Rather," quoth the insurance agent who sometimes dabbled in verse. "I have written \$400,000 worth of life insurance within the last year."

Labor Lost.

Physica Professor (after long winded proof)—And now, gentlemen, we get X equals D. Sleepy Voice (from rear of room)—See, all that work for nothing.

Poor Economy.

Probably the poorest economy in the world is to buy things you don't want in order to make acquaintances you don't need.—Galveston News.



Just try it and see how satisfactory. The whole of the wheat properly baked in the sweetest of surroundings. Fresh bread daily and always a bit better than the best baked elsewhere. Feather-light, yet full weight—and ALL the other good points kneaded in. Try ours.

A. HEIM,
Confectioner, Caterer.
Ice Cream.
BLOOMFIELD CENTRE BAKERY
Phone 623.

Modern Offices To Let
in New Fire-Proof Building
Now Open for Inspection.
RENTS MODERATE.
BLOOMFIELD TRUST COMPANY



Getting There Promptly
is one of the things we do in our work. Doing things right after we get there is another. We use expert labor and first class material.

We Like to Estimate
on new work, and will be glad to have you call on us.

Arthur & Stanford,
547 Bloomfield Avenue.

G. H. WINTER,
— DEALER IN —
Hardware, Housefurnishing Goods, Glassware and Willow Ware.
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HONESTY.

John Irving Romer, who has probably as intimate a knowledge of advertisers and advertising as any man in the country, and who, by the way, is fighting a good fight for sane, sensible, HONEST publicity, says:

"Some advertisers are like some people who know; they invite Honesty to call, but do not set a date."

Right to the point isn't it?

You haven't much faith in the friend (?) who greets you with a vigorous handshake and urges you to visit him or her, as the case may be, and then blandly walks away without making a definite appointment. You cannot help feeling that you have been made a fool of.

It's the same with advertising. Some advertisers carry on a desperate flirtation with Honesty, but never set a time for Honesty to call. They mean some day to reform; they do not ALWAYS intend to misrepresent, but somehow or other they put off their meeting with Truth and Honesty. They are literally afraid of themselves.

Away back in 1893—when we first started in business—we sent an urgent invitation to Honesty, and we were here when she called. We might add that we have been "at home" to her ever since.

Goods Delivered Free.

L. BAMBERGER & CO., Newark